

Good Morning 328

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

More Home Town News

INSPECTOR FAMILY.

THREE brothers serving in the Durham County Constabulary have all become inspectors.

Natives of Hunwick, they are William B. Vickers, inspector at Shildon, Joseph W., who is at West Hartlepool, and Robert R., who has recently been promoted to inspector at Houghton le Spring.

Something of a record.

DELAYED PINTS.

PEACE-TIME pals, Leslie Marshall, merchant seaman, and Wilfred Kemish, Army dispatch rider, were both on leave in their home town of Lymington, Hants, the other day.

Over a pint at the "local," they were exchanging stories of war-time travels and adventures.

To their mutual amazement, it came out that they had returned to England in the same ship and were together for 23 days without meeting each other.

That revelation called for another pint!

WELCH "WALK-BACK."

ONE of the strangest annual reunions with a history now takes place in Wales. Twenty-seven officers and men of the Welch Regiment gather every year as members of the Walk-Back Club. They meet to celebrate a 300-mile march across the Cyrenaica Desert during the Eighth Army's withdrawal in 1942. They travelled mostly by night and hid by day, and eventually reached safety after eleven days of ordeal.

The club originated when a company of the regiment was cut off following a German advance. Surrounded on all sides, the remnants of the company which had tried to break out had two alternatives—to stay and be picked off, or try to make a breakthrough. Led by Major A. J. Watkins, of Bathampton, Somerset, they decided to risk a get-away.

Volunteers were called for, and everyone stepped forward. They split up into parties of five or seven and left at intervals. Twenty-seven got through and were picked up, almost all, by a British armoured car, after eleven days' adventurous journey.

"RICH" TRAMP.

A TRAMP named Albert Stroud, knocked down between Dobwalls and Doublebois (Cornwall), died following an operation—and was found to have £70 in his possession. No relative could be found, and if none comes forward to claim the money it will go to the Duchy of Cornwall.

EVER since the seventeenth century the hangman has been known by the nickname of "Jack Ketch."

If you ask me why, I can't tell you exactly how the nickname originated. It can't have any reference to the small two-masted ship of that name; but I fancy it came from an English word of the Middle Ages. In those days the word "ketch" was used for "catch."

But the remarkable thing about the name is that there really was a Jack Ketch, entitled to the name by the christening ceremony. He was the son of a tradesman of the same name, and he became official hangman about 1670.

HIS name appeared on a peculiarly diabolical kind of popular broadsheet published at that time. But Ketch was a bit of a bungler. He muddled up the execution of Lord William Russell in 1683, and made rather a bloody mess of the beheading of the Duke of Monmouth in 1685.

Moreover, he was more than a bit of a criminal himself—as were quite a number of the following Jack Ketches.

For instance, the real Jack was sent to prison for "affronting the sheriffs of London." He went again to prison for debt and for theft; and he was in prison when his place was taken by a man named Rose.

But Rose, in May, 1686, was condemned to death for a

There were four other men condemned to be hanged on the same occasion at Tyburn, and that meant a bit of work. What did the authorities do? Why, they released the real Jack Ketch from prison and told him to hang the five. He did it with pleasure, and as in those days it was a perquisite of the hangman to get the clothes of the hanged persons, he collected quite a wardrobe.

Next thing Ketch did was to get a bit uppish. The garments of the hanged men paid his debts and he was released from prison. He lived in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and



Meet two Pals, Stoker John Jordan

STOKER JOHN JORDAN, here's a picture of two of your pals.

Do you know them?

They have both grown up quite a bit lately.

Yes, it's your favourite nephew all right, little Jimmy Harrison, and that's your dog, "Barney," he's playing with... or is it that "Barney" is playing with Jim?

He's quite a big dog now, and Jim can only just manage him.

When the picture was taken "Barney" was not a bit keen to pose, and you can see how he tried to ignore us!

All the family send greetings; here are two bits of news: Brother Jim and his wife, Edith, have their third child (a girl).

Cousin Christy made a hurried call at your home, 175, Trafford Road, Salford. He is a paratrooper, and is expecting promotion very soon. All's well at home, John. Good hunting!

Stuart Martin tells "What Criminal Forgot"

Was real "Jack Ketch" and "Ketched" it



appropriately enough—he started up a business of sorts by dealing in rags.

But the business couldn't keep pace with his drinking expenses, and he went back to prison for running up accounts he couldn't pay. Also, it is on record that he broke out of prison with another man by digging through the foundations of the Bridewell.

Once more he was asked to come forward and "do his job" at Tyburn. Again he went gladly, thinking no doubt that he would pay his debts again by selling the clothes of his victims. But this time he didn't get off just like that.

When he was in the cart returning from the execution, with the garments all around him, the vehicle was stopped by officers of the Watch, and Jack Ketch was arrested once more.

He tried to argue with the officers, and appealed to the crowds around to back him up, but the appeals fell on deaf ears, and the officers nabbed him as he was about to leap from the cart.

And this time it was serious. He was charged with murder.

The strange fact was that Jack Ketch, who was a criminal besides being the official hangman, had forgotten something; and his forgetfulness was fatal.

The authorities had kept the matter secret, and it came as a sensation, even in those times of sensations, when the charge was read out in the official court. Jack Ketch was accused of indecently assaulting and murdering "Elizabeth, wife of William White," at ten o'clock one night in Moorfields.

Reversing the usual order of the proceedings, let us have Ketch's defence first. He said that it was true he had met the woman on the night in question, but she was lying on the road when he saw her. In fact, he said, leering at his judges, he thought she was drunk; but, bending over her, saw that she had been brutally mauled. He tried to get her on to her feet, but she fell down again—and that accounted for the blood on his coat.

He was about to call for assistance when a man came up, and he left the scene, thinking the man was the husband of the woman. True as God was in Heaven, said

Jack Ketch, and that was all he knew about it.

Why didn't he help the man? Well, said he, if he had helped the man he would have been late for an appointment. And, besides, the man said he would see to the woman.

Did he know the man? Yes, he thought he knew him. He thought the man was William White, a poor labourer.

Did he see anybody else in the neighbourhood? Oh, yes, he saw the Watch coming up the path, so he knew that the woman would be cared for.

Did he speak to the Watch? No, he didn't speak to the Watch. Why should he?

They might have detained him, and then he would have been late for his appointment. S'help him, that was all he knew.

Evidence was given as to the injuries of the woman. They were terrible enough. She had been out selling gingerbread. Her basket lay not far off. Her right arm was broken, some teeth were knocked out, one of her eyes had been gouged out. She had been carried to a surgeon, and when questioned could answer only by signs, telling what had happened. Four days later she died, after being only semi-conscious all the time.

Ketch, in the dock, kept murmuring words of horror at the injuries; kept repeating that he never knew "such a case," not even among his own victims whom he had "turned off." He always, he said, "turned 'em off nice and happy," and they had often left him "mementoes" in the form of garments.

There were only a few witnesses for the prosecution—the Watch, the woman's husband, and a traveller who spoke of screams for help he had heard.

The woman's husband openly accused Ketch. He said that it was true Ketch was holding the woman up when he arrived; but that was because the woman was clutching at Ketch and would not let him go. And Ketch had hit her in the face to make her loosen her hold of his coat.

Hearing this, Jack Ketch exclaimed in horror that he wouldn't do "no such thing." It was all a fake-up. He defied the prosecution to prove that the woman was holding him.

And that was where he forgot.

The official accuser walked across the court, flicked up Ketch's coat and pointed to a tear where a button was off, only a few threads hanging.

"When did you lose that button?" he asked.

Ketch was ready with his answer. "It was torn off by one of the men I hanged at Tyburn," he said.

The court pressed the matter. The buttons were peculiar to the coat—cloth buttons covering a wooden core, buttons that came from France and were not made in England.

And then the official accuser raised his hand, which had been clenched. In his palm lay the button.

"That," he said, "was forcibly taken from the closed fist of the dead woman by the surgeon who attended her. It is Jack Ketch's button. He forgot to get a new one for one reason. He couldn't get one in London. His coat is of French manufacture."

That sealed Jack Ketch's fate. He was pronounced Guilty, although he protested that he was innocent. When waiting to go to Tyburn he still kept saying that he was innocent. But the law in those days didn't pay much attention to prisoners who said they were innocent.

Ketch was taken back to prison, and one morning he was told that the cart was waiting for him, with other prisoners who were to go the way of Tyburn.

All the way up from the prison to the corner where Tyburn stood—the place of execution was at the corner of what is now known as Edgware Road, Bayswater Road and Oxford Street—Jack harangued the crowds, telling them that he was not guilty.

The fatal place was reached. Opposite the scaffold a sort of pulpit had been erected for a clergyman to preach about the condemned, and calling on the people to "look on these culprits and repent before it was too late." But the words of the preacher were drowned in the din.

The hangman gave the signal for Ketch to step forward from the cart and be "turned off."

Ketch stepped forward; and away went his claims of innocence. Standing on the scaffold, with the hangman smoking his pipe leisurely—for the prisoners had the right to say when they were "ready"—Jack Ketch broke down.

He admitted that he was the murderer, he told how he had attacked the woman with criminal intent, and of the fight she had put up. He had not noticed the missing button.

The hangman tapped him on the shoulder. It was raining and the hangman wanted to go home. So Jack Ketch, having been a hangman, understood. The noose was fitted round his neck and he was sent dangling.

But his successors were known by his name.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Pybus picks up a piece on Maidan

"THIS place looks all right," he said to himself, peering into a cool, whitewashed bar. "I think I'll slip in and have a snifter." A bearded waiter automatically set the electric punkah whirling above his head as the grocer sank into a long chair with a laconic demand for beer. The bare-footed attendant brought a bottle of Japanese lager, turned the label round for approval, and sent its contents cascading into a tall glass. A lump of ice the size of a monkey's fist tinkled musically as Pybus reverently lifted the golden draught, and glistened wanly at the bottom in the space of one ecstatic gulp.

"Sahib?" queried the boy, reappearing at the grocer's elbow.

"Same," said Pybus, wiping his mouth; it was months since a cool drink of any sort had passed his lips. Lighting another cheroot, he lay back luxuriously, tasting in retrospect the malt liquors of three continents. From that entrancing subject his thoughts wandered to six-stranded wire, and the ease with which it could be spliced once one had mastered the art of following round the lay with the spike. Steel wire naturally suggested the heavy chain cable moorings made necessary by the Hooglih bore, and the cunning arrangement of coir springs by which that phenomenon was circumvented.

Rum river, the Hooglih, with its floating bodies and strange native craft, which might have sailed straight out of a glass case in one of them museums. Helmsman had an oar instead of a wheel, and sat beneath an umbrella on a platform perched on poles. Sackcloth sails they had, too, no bigger than a schoolboy's handkerchief, and skinny coolies dipping mis-shapen oars in time in their thin, silly singing.

"Just like they was in Nelson's day," thought Pybus contemptuously; Nelson in the foe'sle being

The Sea-green Grocer By JASPAR POWER PART XV

the personification of hoary antiquity. Queer how backward these Eastern people were, living on rice like that, and carrying things about on bamboos. There was a confident ring of superiority in the grocer's voice as he ordered his third bottle of lager.

The noisy entrance of half a dozen other bearers of the white man's burden soon shook Pybus out of his new-found composure. The hitherto quiet bar rang with their crisp Public School accents, loudly demanding chota pegs and Long John Collins, and they seemed so self-possessed and at home there that the grocer suddenly felt himself an intruder. What if the very chair he sat in belonged to one of them . . . The pilot at Sandheads had brought his own aboard with him. Pybus remembered uncomfortably. Suppose one of these lordly youths were to order him curtly out of it? His face grew pink at the awful thought; hastily catching up his topee, Pybus hurried out into the street.

Under the lamps the usual crowd was hurrying past; babus with sock suspenders cutting into their fat calves, soldiers from Fort William, Sikh police in scarlet and white, and semi-nude coolies with baskets on their shaven heads. Out of Dhurumtollah four men came trotting, bearing some dead relation to the ghat at Nimtollah, and a native wedding swept by, garish with acetylene flares and excruciating with bagpipes. A covey of Dundee jute wallahs burst from a restaurant, roaring for taxis in Hindustani with a rich tang of heather. Aloof and inscrutable the Chinese shoemakers whisked silently about their affairs in rubber-tyred rickshas.

None of the passers-by had a glance to spare for Reginald Pybus; even those who occasionally bumped into him merely backed away and scuttled round him, without raising their eyes. The grocer began to feel intensely lonely, and his feet ached. Hard city pavements have an unkind way with extremities accustomed to a small deck for exer-

cise, and Pybus wore new canvas shoes which fitted him but indifferently.

He began to think longingly of Liverpool Billy's, and Kidderpore, and cursed himself for refusing Hairy Butler's offer. At that very moment the Irishman would be lounging with the Professor and others of the same kidney, swapping gossip of the Seven Seas. Billy's would be a friendly, unpretentious little dive, where men yarned sensibly about ships and sailors and seaports, not gibberish such as handicaps and carburettors and other incomprehensible shop like those fellows in the bar he had just left. With sudden decision he accosted a passing soldier.

"Say, mate, where's Kidderpore?"

USELESS EUSTACE



"Fuel target or not, Winnie, I simply must have some heat in the potting shed!"

"Sorry, chum, I'm a stranger 'ere myself," said the soldier. "We only came down from Quetta Tuesday."

Left to himself, Pybus flung his unfinished cheroot irritably into the gutter and groped for his cherrywood. With his back against the window of a shop, his eye wandered discontentedly over the crowd, while he pared off neat shavings of tobacco. He was in the act of striking a match when he saw the girl.

In her inexpensive pink frock and unnatural "flesh-coloured" stockings, there was little to distinguish Miss Cora Pereira from

those young ladies who patrol any great city when shops and offices have closed for the day. In common with most of them she had a passion for the "pictures," and a knack of picking innocuous boy friends to pay for that innocent entertainment. If, perhaps, her finger-nails were a trifle blue at the base, the blemish concerned nobody but herself.

Having favoured Pybus with a lingering stare as she passed him, a sudden shyness caused her to avert her glance. A few yards farther on she stopped and stared about her, as though in quest of the other party in some pre-arranged rendezvous. That other party, it seemed, had not turned up.

"Damn," muttered Reginald Pybus absently, as the forgotten tandstickler scorched his fingertips. Lighting another, he furtively watched Miss Pereira; she was tapping impatiently on the pavement with her shoe. Once again their eyes met.

"I'll chance my arm," said the grocer to himself, and restored the unlit pipe to his pocket. With the tense expression of one taking his life in his hands, Pybus strode boldly up to her.

"Excuse me, miss," he blurted out, tugging politely at his clumsy sun-helmet. "How do I get to Kidderpore from here?"

Miss Pereira's smile indicated that she did not take this patent gambit at face value, but obviously she was not annoyed.

"You're a sailor, aren't you?" she asked irrelevantly, with a sing-song intonation strangely like Welsh. "What ship are you in?"

"The *Herod Antipas*," replied Pybus, somewhat nettled by the ease with which she had penetrated his disguise.

A dumb blonde thinks hardening of the arteries has something to do with road-building.

A lad of eight entered the witness-box dressed in tremendous boots, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at the ankles, and a swallow-tail coat that swept the floor. "Why are you dressed like that?" asked the lawyer, both amazed and amused. The boy took from his pocket the summons and pointed solemnly to the words, " . . . to appear in his father's suit."

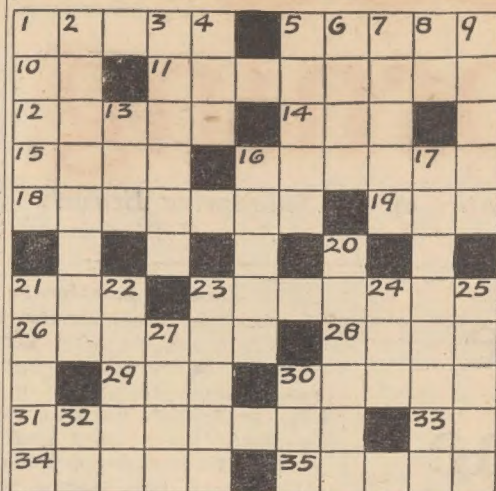
In a city street a country woman was amazed to see a man who kept drawing a pigeon out of the hamper he carried, look at his watch, and then send the pigeon off. Going to him, she said, "Hey, mister, you might give me one for our Johnny before you throw 'em all away!"

First Nurse: "Has he come to his senses yet?" Second Nurse: "Yes, he's quite rational now. He has asked me to elope with him."

"Madam, I have found your glove." "Oh, thank you so much! What reward do you require?" "The other glove, please."

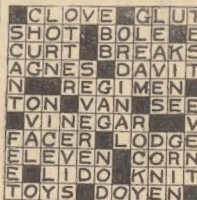
Lady: "What caused you to become a tramp?" Tramp: "The family physician, mum. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walking after 'em ever since."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Let.
- 5 Wild dog.
- 10 Animal.
- 11 Further.
- 12 Sweetmeat.
- 14 Kind of wheel.
- 15 In.
- 16 Boy's name.
- 18 Freedom.
- 19 Taradiddle.
- 21 Stitch.
- 23 Shortage.
- 26 Journey.
- 28 Unaccompanied.
- 29 Cry.
- 30 Polite form of address.
- 31 Quibble.
- 33 Compass point.
- 34 Wide expanse.
- 35 Surpasses.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Of place.
- 2 One who gives test.
- 3 Abrupt.
- 4 Cambridgeshire town.
- 5 Disparage.
- 6 Golf club.
- 7 Boy's name.
- 8 Move.
- 9 Hold forth.
- 13 Pen point.
- 16 Girl's name.
- 17 Hissing.
- 20 Face.
- 21 Ladder.
- 22 Superfluous.
- 23 Charge.
- 24 Fish.
- 25 Volumes.
- 27 Propose.
- 30 Sort of cap.
- 32 Word of enquiry.

"Oah yes," said the girl excitedly. "I read about her in the papers. There was a picture of a Malay native man going to Alipore gaol for killing someone. He was in handcuffs, and looked like a sick monkey," she added, with a hard laugh. "Isn't the *Herod Antipas* up at the jetties?" (To be continued)

QUOTATIONS

But Catholic men that live upon wine
Are deep in the water, and frank, and fine;
Wherever I travel I find it so,
Benedicamus Domino.
Hilaire Belloc.

Children of men! the Unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully,
That men did ever find.
Matthew Arnold.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Shakespeare.

Edward the Confessor
Slept under the dresser.
When that began to pall
He slept in the hall.
E. C. Bentley.

When she inveighed eloquently against the evils of capitalism at drawing-room meetings and Fabian conferences she was conscious of a comfortable feeling that the system, with all its inequalities and iniquities, would probably last her time. It is one of the consolations of middle-aged reformers that the good they inculcate must live after them if it is to live at all.
"Saki" (1870-1916).

QUIZ for today

1. A Malagasy is a wine cask, omelette, native of Madagascar, bed covering, cattle disease?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: 49, 63, 28, 36, 42, 56, 84?
3. Which great composer was stone deaf?
4. Which great English poet was blind?
5. Who was the elder brother, Cain or Abel?
6. What regiment is nicknamed "The Blues"?
7. What instrument is used for sounding salutes and calls in the R.A.F.?
8. Which film has the longest run on record?
9. In what sport is the Walker Cup an award?
10. What letter is most frequently used in the English language?
11. Which has the largest number of locks, the Panama or the Suez Canal?
12. How many keys has an ordinary piano?

Answers to Quiz in No. 327

1. Game.
2. 8 is a perfect cube; others are not.
3. Rice.
4. St. Augustine.
5. Milton.
6. Cameronians.
7. Montgolfier brothers.
8. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
9. Tennis.
10. There were 13 present at the Last Supper.
11. (a) An almanack, (b) a machine for glazing paper, (c) a cooking utensil.
12. Four.

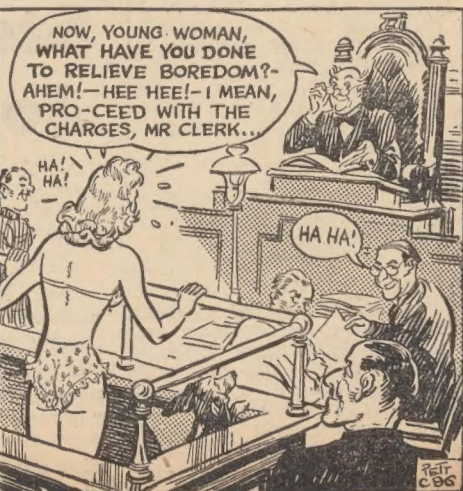
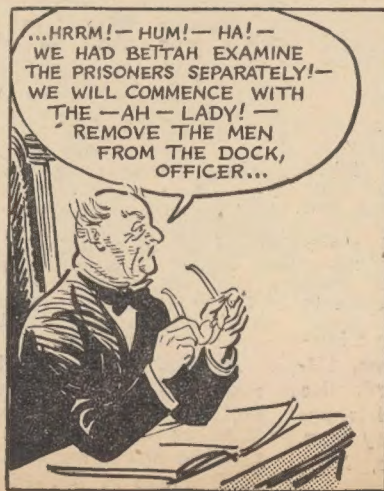
WANGLING WORDS—276

1. Rearrange the letters of RAPID UGLY INK DR., and get a famous author (two words).
2. What insect is hidden in this sentence? Larder windows should be covered with cloth or netting. (The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COOK into BAKE, JACK into JILL, EAR into EYE.
4. Insert the same letter four times in RVRNC to make a word.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 275

1. PRONOUNCE.
2. Time and tide wait for no man.
3. FOOT, boot, boat, beat, heat, HEAD, held, hold, hood, food, FOOT.
4. De-can-ter.

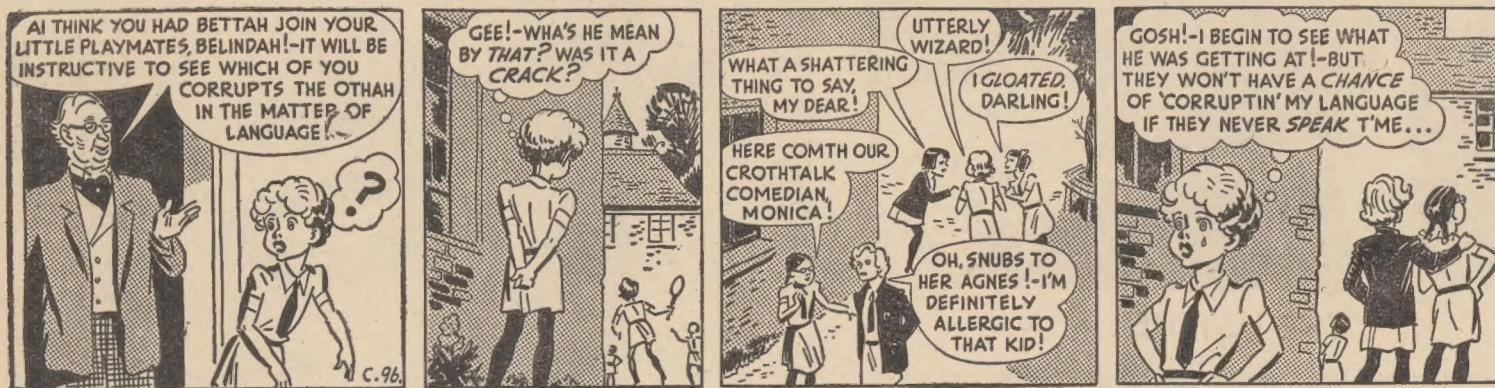
JANE



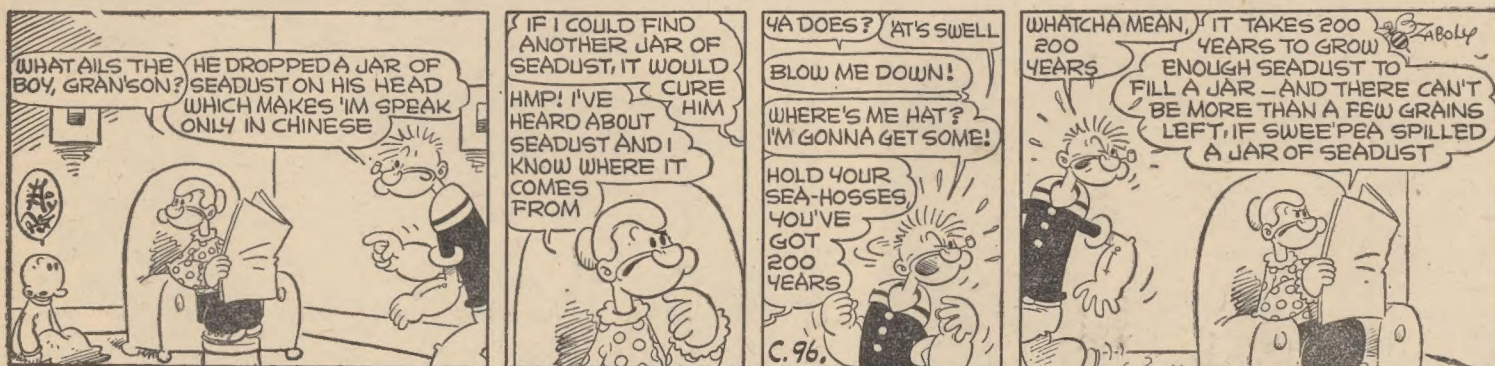
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



My Secret Dreams—

By LINDA DARNELL



MANY a young feminine film fan has day-dreamed about suddenly becoming a star. There would be orchids and caviare and champagne. Handsome movie heroes would fight for her attentions. Wrapped in a mink coat, she would be chauffeured in a limousine to the studio, where every attention and courtesy would be given her. Night-time would be a round of gay parties with gay people.

Take it from a film fan who has had her dreams come true, it is not all that it is cracked up to be in day-dreams. But let Linda Darnell, of Dallas, Texas, tell her own story of her rise to stardom.

It started one day when 20th Century-Fox called me to Hollywood for a screen test, only to conclude that I was too young, and sent me back home to grow up.

In the day or two I was in Hollywood I thought my day-dream idea of Hollywood was correct. I went home to dream some more, and in the middle of it Fox sent another train fare, and I went back to Hollywood to sign a contract.

I was to be groomed in the stock studio school, tried in minor parts for possible future use, and then eased into small roles. But at that time the studio was in the throes of trying to find a leading lady for Elsa Maxwell's "Hotel for Women." The casting office was told to test every available girl, and I was one of the many shunted on to the test stage. The fact that I showed the necessary ability to win the coveted role was more of a surprise to me as it was to everyone else.

Then I expected my caviare-mink-champagne-orchids dreams to come true. Instead of plunging into all the glamour and brilliance I had read about in the magazines, I seemed to become "something" that had no say about what was being done to me.

I didn't even have a chance to loll around my rented room in approved film star fashion. Without consulting me, the studio sent over a wardrobe girl, two make-up people and a hair-dresser to take possession of the house. They turned my bedroom into a fitting and dressing room, the lounge was appropriated as make-up studio and test stage, and, to make matters worse, I felt terribly nervous about the people with whom I was living. They were singularly unimpressed by the fact that they were housing a potential actress, and although they were very nice about it and made no objections, I felt awfully guilty about their house being taken over. But then, I had no say in the matter.

The studio people who worked on me were very impersonal. It seemed to me that I wasn't anything more to them than a job which they had to get done. They talked through me and over me, as though I were a shop-window dummy.

My dream of night life and gay cafes vanished. I ate in a small restaurant a few yards from the house, alone, unnoticed, and in surroundings as devoid of glamour as a snack-bar on a main road.

I thought it would be a little different when I started work on the set. After all, I was to be the lead in the picture, and I understood leading ladies rated a little.

The truth is, as soon as I would get into the studio in the morning I would be hustled and hustled about. I had to be made up and my hair dressed. The wardrobe woman had to see that my clothes were on right. Then I would be rushed to the set, and work would begin immediately.

I was then under eighteen, and the rules of the Los Angeles Board of Education had to be observed. There had to be a welfare worker in constant attendance on me, and out of my eight-hour working day I had to spend three hours doing regular school work with a teacher.

It was the usual thing on the set for me to break from the arms of my leading man after a throbbing love scene and troop off to the corner to spend an hour with my algebra.

That's why I got my sister, Undeen, to come to Hollywood to keep me company. Those dinners in the bleak restaurant around the corner got to be awfully dull with no one to talk to.

Now, however, I no longer go to school, nor am I lonely.

My husband, Peverell Marley, and I live in a little house in Beverley Hills—or, at least, we did before Peverell joined the U.S. Army.

And since those early days things have got better, and I've had several breaks which have resulted in "Star Dust," "Brigham Young," "Mark of Zorro," "Chad Hanna," "Blood and Sand," and "Rise and Shine."

But still, Hollywood isn't the city of glamour that some people would have you believe. Nor is a star's life an easy one, believe me. It's hard work from sunrise to sunset; but it's a great life, and you couldn't make me leave it for all the coffee in Brazil!

**Good
Morning**

**Troublesome
Things, Taps!**



"I WILL turn the tap. I don't care HOW cold it is!"



"I thought again, and decided NOT to."



"I'll empty all the water out with this sponge."



"But, then — if I do that — Oh! I WISH I didn't keep changing my mind!"



THE LISTENER



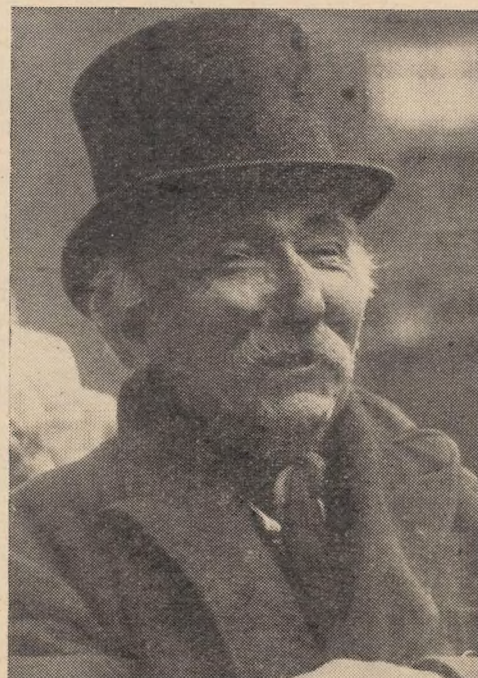
This England

Just a little cottage in Huntingdonshire, but typical of so many we love to call "Home."



SUNSHINE OF A SMILE

By Brenda Joyce,
20th Century - Fox
star.



**YES SIR . . . THOSE WERE
THE DAYS!**

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A 'tall' story, I'll
bet."

